Chapter 287: The Demise of the Olympian Gods

In the depths of the Abyss, where dimensional rifts cracked open like gaping wounds in the fabric of reality, two clones of the Divine Triad, Sung Jin-Woo and Sung Su-Ho, stood. The Abyss was a chaotic expanse where the laws of nature twisted and bent, and from within the rifts, strange and powerful beings could be found. These two clones were tasked with overseeing the turbulent worlds within the Abyss, ensuring that no force, no matter how powerful, could disrupt the balance established by the Divine Triad.

Their journey had taken them far across this desolate, broken expanse, and now, as they wandered through another rift, they found themselves on the precipice of a new encounter—one that would prove to be disastrous for those who opposed them.

Before them stood a civilization unlike any they had encountered in this realm. The planet before them was called Olympus, a world inhabited by a pantheon of gods so powerful that their presence alone seemed to warp the very air. These gods were known as the Olympian Gods, led by the supreme deity, Zeus. The Olympians were twelve in total, each one a god of incredible power, their armies vast and innumerable, spread across the world in their divine cities.

Zeus, the leader of this civilization, looked down from his throne upon the approaching clones with disdain. He had sensed the intrusion into his realm, and though he had been warned of the power of the Divine Triad, he felt no fear. The Olympian gods were far beyond anything mere clones could hope to be, and he believed his gods were invincible—unstoppable.

“You dare enter Olympus?” Zeus’s voice boomed like thunder, shaking the very ground beneath the clones’ feet. “Prepare to face the wrath of the Olympian Gods!”

With a wave of his hand, the gods rose from their thrones and prepared for battle. Their troops, countless in number, began to assemble, ready to crush the two clones. Each Olympian god was a master of elemental and cosmic powers, and their armies of divine warriors were nearly as invincible as their creators.

The first clone of Sung Jin-Woo, however, was not impressed. It stood tall and unmoving as the Olympian gods and their armies charged toward them, confident in their superiority. The clone of Sung Jin-Woo, though only a fraction of the original body’s power, was more than enough to handle this challenge.

With a sudden, horrifying surge of energy, the first clone of Sung Jin-Woo emitted the Breath of Death. The air around them seemed to freeze, and a wave of destructive, shadow-filled energy expanded outward, sweeping over the entire battlefield in an instant.

The Olympian Gods, in their arrogance, had believed themselves untouchable. But before they could react, the Breath of Death engulfed them. The very essence of their existence was ripped away in an instant. Their divine bodies, once impervious to mortal harm, became fragile—then brittle. The mighty gods, the rulers of Olympus, choked on the very life force they had once commanded.

In a matter of moments, the Olympian Gods and their vast armies collapsed, breathless and dead. There was no battle, no struggle—only the brutal, unstoppable force of Sung Jin-Woo's Breath of Death. It was a power that transcended all things, a force of annihilation that knew no mercy.

As the final echoes of the gods' demise faded into silence, the first clone of Sung Jin-Woo stepped forward. With its immense power, it began to absorb the essence of the Olympian gods, drawing in the very core of their existence. It took their divine belongings—their artifacts, treasures, and symbols of power. It harvested their souls, drawing them into its shadowy form. The corpses of the gods, once great and mighty, were now nothing more than husks, and the clone carefully extracted shadows from their fallen bodies, weaving them into its growing collection.

With everything taken, the first clone of Sung Jin-Woo turned and began its journey back. It did not linger in Olympus, for it had already completed its task. The clone made its way back through the rift and to the Umbra Citadel, where the true Sung Jin-Woo resided. It carried the spoils of war: the essences, the treasures, and the extracted shadows of the Olympian gods.

Upon its arrival at the Umbra Citadel, Sung Jin-Woo's true body received the offerings. The power of the Olympian gods was now his to command. The essences and artifacts were added to his already vast collection of divine energies, further enhancing his strength. The shadows extracted from the fallen gods were infused into the shadow army, adding new depth to his growing legions.

As the first clone of Sung Jin-Woo delivered the spoils to his original body, the clone of Sung Su-Ho simultaneously arrived at Eternis Draconis, bearing his own collection of treasures and powers. Sung Su-Ho's true form also accepted the offerings, adding the newly acquired essences and shadows to his own growing store of divine energy. The shadow forces of Eternis Draconis grew stronger, their numbers swelling with the strength of the Olympian gods now under their control.

Once the deliveries were complete and the essence of the Olympian gods had been absorbed into their respective forms, the first clones of Sung Jin-Woo and Sung Su-Ho prepared to return to the Abyss. Their mission was far from over. The rift to the Abyss called to them, and there were still many more realms to oversee, more challenges to face, and more power to be gained.

With the spoils of Olympus in tow, the first clones departed the Umbra Citadel and Eternis Draconis, their purpose fulfilled for now. They would continue their eternal journey through the Abyss, supervising the realms, ensuring that no force, no matter how powerful, could disrupt the delicate balance of existence.

And as the clones ventured further into the endless expanse, the realms trembled at the thought of what would come next—the unstoppable force of the Divine Triad, now more powerful than ever, marching ever forward in their pursuit of dominion over all that existed.

The Olympian Gods were but the first to fall. And with each victory, the might of Sung Jin-Woo and Sung Su-Ho grew, their shadows spreading further and further across the realms.